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VERSES

'VARSITY, SCHOLASTIC,
AND OTHERWISE.

By A.C.B.

Cambridge

W. P. SPALDING, 43, SIDNEY STREET

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The Person Responsible for these rimes cordially thanks the Editors of the "Evening Standard," the "Educational Times," the "Cambridge Review" and the "Granta" for their kind permission to reprint.

He is very conscious that the transient nature of the subjects—some dating from his undergraduate days—lessens even such small interest as the verse may once have had.

But as any improbable surplus will be devoted to that splendid institution, the Belgian Relief Fund, he hopes that many of his acquaintances—and others—will submit to the extortion of paying a minimum of a shilling for a little book which can plead no other excuse for its existence.

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VERSES.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE NEWER LEARNING,

Rang there never note of warning ere there came, that
fateful morning,
The decided and uncompromising tale ;
Nor those phrases circumstantial and convincing any
man shall
Dare to travesty—we saw it in the *Mail* ;
He who ran could read the crisis that is looming on the
Isis,
While Olympus gazes, pallid and aghast,
And, in whispers tense and hollow, Zeus, Athene and
Apollo
Are demanding if the latest means the last.

For our fair (if elder) sister, can it be, till now has
missed her
True vocation in the paths of classic lore ;
Is her dallying in the dreamy maze of λύω and τίθημι
At an end with her Co-operative Store ?
For professors are combining with *alumni* in refining
Still the super-Selfridge methods of the day ;
'Mid commercial boom and rattle shall Herodotus his
prattle
And the throbbing lyre of Pindar die away.

And the rapid institution in a fitting devolution
Of each specialised department we shall see ; !
For your cigarettes you'll think on the eclectic stock at
Lincoln,
While the House will do you proudly as to tea ;
When the gas is growing feeble send a message round
to Keble,
And for sympathetic socks apply to Queen's ;
For an outfit equatorial or antarctic go to Oriel,
And to Univ. for your bacon and your beans.

Let it be our grim endeavour that the critical may
 never
 Say we're lagging in the academic race,
 Let us organise, for pity, a consultative Committee,
 Though the anguish'd gods of Hellas hide their face ;
 Let our labours never lighten till we see the posters
 brighten,
 With a wealth of glad insistence, every wall,
 On the Pembroke porous sweater, or the Jesus car-
 buretter,
 Or the peerless patent pickles of the Hall.



SIC TRANSIT.

(The Kindergarten based on principles of "non-interference" and "intuition" established at Rome by the Dottoressa Maria Montessori, is attracting enormous attention, especially in America.)

Though the cold and the wet on the earth linger yet
 there is pulsing of life by the Styx,
 From Elysian glades have assembled the shades, in
 discussion intent and prolix ;
 There's a sinister note as of rumour afloat of events
 cataclysmic at Rome,
 And Charon is pestered with every boat for the latest
 editions from home.

For the story hath run that it's over and done with
 the names of the turbulent Past,
 They are doomed, it would seem, as a moribund dream,
 to extinction abnormal and fast ;
 In the counsels of men are the labours forensic of
 Cicero melting away,
 And the efforts of Caesar with sword and with pen are
 as naught in the eyes of to-day.

There shall burst nevermore as a cloud in the Forum
 the Sadies and Mommers and Pops.,
 Pressing on before tea to the "old Coliseum," and
 leaving an hour for the shops ;
 Nor thunder they át all the doors of the Vatican now
 in an infinite line,
 But seek, in a cultus to Murray schismatic, the new
 academical shrine.

• O the joy there will be when the gazers shall see that
 Carlo can roll on the floor,
 When Antonio's mind makes the staggering find that
 one goes in and out by the door,
 When Luigi shall squeak at the end of a week that
 he knows how to stand on his head,
 And when words of one letter (exclusive of Greek) by
 the lisping Giuseppe are read.

And the excellent books of the Lunns and the Cooks
 shall indicate daily the place
 Where, non-interference permitting, our dear little
 Beppo is inking his face,
 Where intuitive wailing is heard as the tail is pulled
 of the Institute cat,
 And where *pâtés* of mud on doctoral scale are composed
 in the visitor's hat.

FIN JUILLET.

There's a stirring in the study, and a rustle in the class,
 There is quivering sensation in the air,
 There's a sound as of a going that will surely come to
 pass,
 Of an exit from the pedagogic chair ;

There are symptoms of the shedding of the academic
gown,
Of the hurling of the academic cap,
Of the academic duster cast incontinently down,
Of a dancing on the academic map.

There's a smashing of the test-tube and a sweeping of
the floor,
A detaching of the clapper of the bell,
There is emptying of bottles of their H_2SO_4 ,
Of their AgNO_3 and HCl ;
There is banging of the lexicon, and closing of the page
Where *τύπτω* lurks the guileless youth to vex;
And the curtain's falling rapidly upon the darkling stage
Where the *Ranae* chant a last *βρεκεκερέξ*.

There's the downland ever changing 'neath the shadow
and the sun,
And the sea-wind whirring cleanly through the gorse,
And the fiords that own the sceptre of the admirable
Lunn,
And the bunkers low'ring grim around the course;
There's the trout defying artifice in limpid mountain
stream,
There's the road that hears the panting push-bike's
toil,
While the purring of the engine lulls the plutocrat to
dream
Of a universe of rubber and of oil.

Be the dear impedimenta salmon-rod or spade and pail,
Be the destination Margate or Montreux,
Do they rush to mount the Dolomites, or press they on
the trail
Of phonetics at St. Malo or Bayeux,
'Tis a glad farewell and merry to the blackboard and
the chalk,
The parabola, the cosine and the tan,
And an exodus superlative from endless realms of talk
To lose the weary teacher in the man.

THE TEACHERS' STRIKE.

O why do we hail with a frenzy our *Mail*, or clutch at
 our scintillant *Star*,
 Or sprint as one man for the latest in *Standards*, or
 cry for our *Leader* afar ;
 Is there gloomy report of intent to deport a Cabinet
 Council *en bloc*,
 Is the Tango arising again to cavort, does a Bishop
 appear in the dock ?

Can it possibly be that we're panting to see yet another
 ecstatic shriek
 Of the marvellous "press" that our own Dottorressa
 commands by the day or the week ;
 Are we pining to hear once again that the dear little
 infants can roll on the mat,
 Or to learn of the pension for martyrdom drear that the
 Casa awards to the cat ?

It is not such as these that, with tremulous knees, we
 seek as our journal we buy,
 It is but that we know there's a sound of a going afar
 in the orchards of Wye ;
 There's a crowd that awaits every wire at the gates
 of the schools in the succulent vale,
 And the sedulous guardians of Hereford's rates are
 intense, and perspiring, and pale.

For the Chevalier Yoxall hath pulled up his socks,
 and is out for a fight to a finish,
 And the soldierly Ranken, with eye on the Bank,
 hath a temper that naught can diminish ;
 At each other they glare, while the trumpeters blare,
 and the Board (unofficially) weep,
 And enfranchised *discipuli* dance in the air with a joy
 unaffected and deep.

A DUFFER IN IND.

“Dum-dum,” of *Punch*, I read those cryptic verses,
 With pleasurable thrilling up my spine,
 Ere to the Land of Vain Regrets and Curses
 I booked my passage by the humbler line
 That courts the humbler income—such as mine,
 Yet scruples not from man and Government
 To squeeze the playful extra ten per cent.

Read, with a keen, anticipating wonder,
 Your travell’d judgment on Earth’s fairest sight,—
 Bombay! The Harbour, the Apollo Bunder,
 Outlined with myriad points of glimmering light,
 In the dead warmth of Asiatic night :
 Till, at the end, I met the cynic turn,
 That stipulation for a view—*astern*.

Here, in the plains, upon an August morning,
 Musing, I sorrowfully ponder why
 On earth I passed that seasonable warning—
 Oracle of a *vates Punchii*—
 To seek the land of Lala Lajpat Rai,
 The scented East of deodar and palm
 And patriotic “*Bande Mataram!*”

And, as in deep and speechless stupefaction,
 I realise that here indeed I am,
 The mystery of what was the attraction
 That lured me from the peaceful shores of Cam
 Evokes a sudden, unofficial “D——!”
 For I, alas, care nothing for *shikar*,
 Nor know a tum-tum from a Ralli-car.

Perspiring I feel myself grow paler,
 Conscious of both ineptitude and heat,
 As on the points of pony or of “waler”
 All whom at the eternal Club I meet
 Interminable argument repeat ;
 Or when I earn abysmal, dire disgrace,
 By falling in the mounted paper-chase.

I never yearn to see in my possession
 The quaint conception called the Indian dog,
 Nor ever am I conscious of obsession
 By any wish to perforate a hog ;
 I only dream of Home, and cold, and fog ;
 Where other topics sometimes fill the bill
 Than either how to ride or how to kill.

Boredom, and heat, and hopeless isolation,
 (*Pace* the shades of Hastings and of Clive)
 Where endless stages of inoculation
 Seem to be needed just to keep alive,
 Where but the soldier and the sportsman thrive,—
 “ Dum-Dum ” is both ; yet hymned that pæan of
 glee ;
A fortiori, what is it to ME ?

EDITORIAL CRUELTY.

[“ Do us something on May Week.”]

There was wanton caprice in the godlings of Greece as
 they sported with man and with fate,
 There was organisation intensive in Hades for such as
 passed in at the gate,
 There was plentiful part for meticulous art in arranging
 an *auto da fe*,
 And Nero would work with the whole of his heart for
 a swank holocaustic display.

But for lachrymose me every pang medieval and classic
 has gone to the wall,
 And the rites not a few of the tender Hindu unto Kali
 have ceased to appal ;
 I am ordered to write dithyrambic delight in the charm,
 of the Week of the Fair,
 And to rhapsodise praises of dear Aphrodite, when lo,
 I am not to be there !

By the powers, 'tis a thrill that electrifies still, the
 station, the crush, and the train,
 The purpling socks and the staggering frocks, the sun
 and the spatter of rain ;
 As it were but to-day can I see the array, though,
 musing, my optics be shut,
 The whirl and the glamour of Flapperdom sway, the
 halo encircling the Nut.

They will throng as before to the willowy shore, they
 will urge the prohibitive punt,
 They will flutter and flit to the profit of Ditton, and
 press for a place at the front ;
 At the megaphone Stearn they will hurriedly turn,
 as it bellows the annual jest,
 And, outwardly frigid, will inwardly burn to know if
 they're looking their best.

The ball they will grace with *susurrus* of lace, with
 dainty creation of gown ;
 With the tinkle of feet give a version discreet of the
 latest contortion from town ;
 And the stupefied Don will they radiate on, till, pink
 and perspiringly hot,
 With bacchanal frenzy he rushes incontinent forth
 for the Tango and Trot.

Ah, gods ! it is mine in the desert to pine, to be with
 you only in dream,
 To ponder with envy the girls and the men as they
 plash on the languorous stream ;
 But yet may there come for my solace a crumb—
 though I now be as one of the dead,
 Though my voice had been better eternally dumb—
 if Jesus will only stay head ! (1)

"DEAR OLD CHARLIE."

(*The Censor's own Play Censored.*)

"Neither can anyone conceive that any healthy-minded person could come to any moral harm from seeing the Play."
Daily Mail.

"The foulest blackguardism may, in the Joint-Censors' eyes, be regarded with impunity so long as it is applauded."
Daily Chronicle.

Delightful mentors of the public taste,
I humbly crave your kind elucidation
Of what you possibly evolved in haste,
And now perpend in learned meditation :
My longing grows diurnally intenser
To reconcile your views upon the Censor.

While that the doctors disagree and quarrel,
I sit, astonished, at the feet of both—
For what my Carmelite approves as moral
Has rendered Fleet-street gibberingly wroth :
Can things be real, that *dicta* so divergent
Fluster us in these matters grave and urgent ?

Questions enough, both dubious and polemic,
There are to stir your energetic life,
But here, my Masters, all is academic—
Far from political or social strife :
Reveal then, at your neophyte's petition,
The causes of this polar opposition !



THE DECEASE OF THE NEWER DANCES.

There is gloom in the face of the decadent race that
has galloped and slithered and swung,
There is woe and dismay for the *jeunesse dorée*, and
the maids they have hurtled and flung,

For the time will be short that is left to cavort, the
 hour of quiescence is nigh,
 And the prophets unanimous flock to report that the
 cult zoologic must die.

There was hope at the first that the public, immersed
 in the cabling, caustic and blunt,
 That we meditate on when Our Own Correspondent
 is tethered afar from the front, (1)
 Would fling but a glance at a venture, perchance,
 distracted by rumour of war,
 At the paramount issue, the Sins of the Dance—and
 let them go on as before.

But all is in vain, for the papers again are sealing the
 fate of the nation,
 And many a column, portentous and solemn, will echo
 the stern agitation;
 It is easy to see that the frigid decree has given
 intensely to think,
 For gone are the glides of our G*by D*sl*s to the slick
 syncopation of Finck.

The thrill that may lurk in the Trot of the Turkey
 will rapidly pass from our ken,
 It is over and done with the Hug of the Bunny in
 haunts of the children of men,
 And all that is fair in the lurch of the Bear that is
 Grizzly will waddle away
 In discomfited flight to its nethermost lair at the dawn
 of a soberer day.

THE FARTHEST HORIZON.

TO M: E. M. S.

Let us hasten, my Muse, with a shriek to enthuse on
 the apotheosis of Fad,
 Let us hymn the result of the lunatic cult of a world
 that is everywhere mad;

(1) In the Balkans (1911).

In the rage for the Rink there was proof, one would
 think, that the wits of us all are at sea,
 But Bedlam incarnate would shudder and shrink at
 the blend of the Tango and Tea.

They are bringing to town the parental half-crown,
 the Brixton and Camberwell Nut,
 I can see the *mêlée* of the festal array—of the which
 I would pray to be shut ;
 And the Flapper is there with the plaits in her hair,
 and the paint on her cheek and her eye,
 And the rigid expression of earnest despair to pose
 as an actress or die.

They are twisting and twirling, the man and the girl,
 they are nibbling the butter and bread,
 They have painfully done all the hundred and one of
 the steps they have crammed in their head ;
 They are sipping the cup when the time may be up,
 they are settling their vacuous brain—
 The typical Flapper, the typical Pup, of the typical
 Georgian strain.

UNMASKED !

“ In a case before Mr. Fordham, the complainant stated that
 the defendant had called him an Earwig.”—*Daily Paper*.

Can it be true that there is now another
 Fond appellation of the Cockney wit,
 That man may name a fellow-man and brother—
 Perchance with adjective 'twere best omit—
 The agile creature that my Encyc. Brit.
 Proclaims to all the English-speaking area
 To be “ *Forficula Auricularia* ” ?

Insidious insect, that with devastation
 Wouldst nightly prowly my small suburban plot,
 And for whose capture and annihilation
 I place the subtle, and inverted, pot,
 What time the days are lingering and hot ;
 This is, I say, with confident prognosis,
 Thy diabolical apotheosis.

In evil must thou surely have exceeded
 The rodent slug, or the exploring worm :
 What other sombre evidence were needed
 Thy deadly super-sinning to affirm ?—
 Thou art become an Actionable Term :
 Presume no more my fragrant beds to gnaw ;
 And know thyself, henceforth, Within the Law !



BEFORE THE ULSTER HALL EPISODE.

He will come, he will come, to the crash of the drum
 and the clang of the cymbals of Fame,
 He is bound to be there, for the fun of the fair and the
 sheen of his scintillant name ;
 Could it possibly be that the Lord of the Sea should
 cavil at crossing his own,
 To herald to Erin the speech that is free in the way that
 is Winston's alone ?

Let the fatherly *Times* hint unmannerly crimes whose
 guilt must recoil on his head,
 Let the Ulsterman boast in the truculent *Post* of the
 ultimate ditch of the dead ;
 Let the *Leader*, dismayed at their pomp and parade,
 yield place to our Douglas's pen,
 With chastening counsels abnormally staid—they are
 painfully out of his ken.

Though Craig may be rude, and opinions obtrude of
 a nature decisive and bold,
 Though Carson look grim, in the manner of him,
 though Derry (of London) be cold,
 Their whims matter not, their gain is un-got, their
 schemes are concocted in vain,
 For Winston intends to be there on the spot, and
 exemplify Winston again.

When the harp that we mourn shall be finally shorn
 from the flag of perfidious Britain,
 When Jerry MacVeagh has it all his own way, and
 Devlin disports as a kitten,
 We will rush to bespeak a Memorial Week, our cham-
 pion's deeds to recall,
 When Redmond and Healy shall hymn with a shriek
 the inspiring descent on the Hall.

DER ZEIT-GEIST.

With the coming of Spring there's a whirl and a fling
 in the portals adjacent to Paul's,
 With a surge and a rush the matutinal crush hath
 encircled the classical walls ;
 There's a petulant cry from the Smiths and the Wymans
 as, panting, they struggle for more,
 And the pundits are summoned from sanctums on high
 to resist with their backs to the door.

For the fiat of Northcliffe is hurtling forth to the dwellers
 in uttermost climes,
 That the children of men are to read for a penny the
 ultimate signs of the *Times* ;
 And the glittering trail of our purposeful *Mail*, insidious,
 indicates soon
 Dithyrambics on " soccer," a serial tale, and stop-press
 editions till noon.

With profoundest respect may we think to expect,
 dear Editor (1), also from you
 Just a *soupeçon* of such of the Carmelite touches as
 blend with the old and the new ;
 Will you deftly insert the illusive advert. in the column
 portentous and bland,
 Or establish a bureau for counsel expert on the servants
 extant in the land ?

Is your erudite brow bewrinkled ere now with a leader
 on dusters and chalk,
 Will you feature a snap of yourself, it may hap, in the
 Park for your afternoon walk,
 And, for pity, provide a pictorial guide to that dread
 mathematical page
 Where riot the β 's and γ 's unbridled, where " func-
 tions " do horribly rage ?

LOUVAIN.

Not venerable age nor sacred fame
 Could spare her treasures from the drunken foe ;
 Gentle and mild she stood, nor thought to know
 The sword's cruel stab, the searing of the flame :

Ashes and dust cry out the deed of shame,
 And call to God for that avenging blow,
 Bringing His deep, unutterable woe
 On men who do their vileness in His name.

Belgium has lost her mother-town ; and we,
 Impotent when the devil-work was done,
 Crushing the loving travail of the years,
 Think, if we dare, on what our land would see
 If Oxford, Cambridge, fell before the Hun,
 And mingle curses with the martyrs' tears.

CES RUSSES.

In these days of stress and trouble is the dismal labour
 double
 Of the poet who would catch the public eye,
 When the still *crescendo* rattle of the super-Nietzsche
 battle
 Calls the best of us to conquer or to die ;
 Yet there came a gleam of humour in that exoteric
 rumour
 Flying paramount throughout the worried land,
 Of the Muscovitish legions that from Archangelic regions
 Had invaded in a friendly phantom band.

There was evidence conclusive by those doughty, if
 elusive,
 Clerks and signalmen of Darlington and Leith ;
 And that lunchovitch demanded by the bearded
 giants remanded
 In the sidings of Montgomery and Neath ;
 There were affidavits stringent on the Cheltenham
 contingent,
 There were whitewashed trains from Lynn to Appledore,
 And the woeful hour of panic when we knew the
 "Oceanic"
 Meant they hadn't ammunition any more.

Though the *Chronicle* its leader in the rôle of special
 pleader
 Argued cogently of gauge and time and space,
 Though the Bureau made assertion with augmentative
 exertion
 Till F.E. grew ever blacker in the face,
 They could never undeceive a single fond professed
 believer
 In the host that came and vanished into air,
 At each dubious enquiry he would only launch a fiery
 Ultimatum that he KNEW that they were there.

THE KINEMA IN EDUCATION.

All-conquering invention, as you spread
 Your democratic tentacles afar,
 And, at the hour when youth should be abed,
 Entice its threepence with your Yankee star
 Eloping with a maid and motor-car,
 Jumping a chasm, planing through the air,
 (Featured by Kalem or by Pathé Frères);

Or, with a frowning, pantomimic sleuth,
 Tracking the paths of transatlantic fraud,
 Evoke poetic justice for the truth;
 Or rouse suburban sportsmen to applaud
 The frenzied rides of Arizona Maud;
 Still further conquest, then, expands your rule—
 The private doings of the Molecule!

Yours, as a right, Biology hath been—
 Have we not all, with shudders, seen at home
 In oily wriggings, on the flickering screen,
 'Mid phagocytes inimical, to roam
 The fascinating, bland Trypánosome?
 But that your glance is piercing deeper still
 Starts the imagination, stirs the will.

Shall not linguistics also have a show?—
 Surely a theme to tempt a worthier pen—
 A diphthong breaking up, an opening *o*;
 The "yod" in action: bands of desperate men
 Tracking the French subjunctive to its den:
 Here be your future laurels, dare I say,
 My Gaumont, Vitagraph, and Essanay!



A YOUNGER TRIPOS PLEADS FOR RECOGNITION

Why must it be that the glad devotee of the Trip.
that ye hail at the top
Ever the toll should annex of the whole of the *Granta's*
percentage of "shop";
Why the perpetual gibe that we get on the *ταῦροι*, the
πρόγ, and the *Δῆν*,
Why not a change from the limited range of the Attic
and Latian scene?

Why not prefer to Catullus or Vergil the cult of the
new *dilettante*,—
Marlowe and Greene, Molière and Racine, Ariosto,
Petrarca and Dante;
Why not be done with Euripidan pun and with quasi-
Socratic contention;
Why not a jest on a *chanson de geste* or a quaint
Euphuistic convention?

Come ye and know that the primitive *o* with the *a*
will infallibly "fall,"
Bow to the "yod" as the tutelar god of phonetic
enormities all,
Mournfully quake at the pitiless "breaking" of
innocent *i* or of *e*,
Ponder the cause of the mystical laws of a diphthongisa-
tion with me!

Ours are the sweets of researches in Keats, for us is
the grin of Voltaire;
Ours to explore dialectical lore and to list to the joyous
trouvère;
Hark to the croon of the dulcet Walloon and the dainty
patois of Lorraine;
Carol a hymn to the praises of Grimm and a psalm to
the honour of Taine!

Sing we the song of the studious throng of the new
 academic upheaval,
 Sound we the fame of the scintillant name of the Modern
 and eke Medieval;
 Hey for the troop who diurnally swoop through the
 portal adjacent to John's,
 Maidens and men, with the notebook and pen, at the
 heels of the fugitive Dons!



IN THE CAMBRIDGE EASTER VACATION.

A LAMENT.

Seductive lilt and banjo-line forsaking,
 My Muse dictates an elegiac strain—
 Verses in sombre monotone partaking
 The darkling gloom that wraps my heart and brain.

Ye who in hansoms outward to the station
 Vanished *instantly* when the term was o'er;
 What do ye reckon of wretches whom Vacation
 Leaves in its wake as wreckage on the shore?

What do ye know of dreary days unending
 When March, departing, roars with rain and sleet
 Upon the solitary outcast wending
 His painful way along St. Andrew's Street?

In Hall a ghastly row of vacant places;
 The last lorn Little-Going wight is down;
 Stay—at the Union are familiar faces—
 The admirable staff of St*nl*y Br*wn.

But there I strike a deeper note of anguish,
 My haunts are "Closed for cleaning and repairs";
 Disconsolate within the hall I languish,
 Or stumble on a bucket on the stairs

The river—I will watch the ripples glitter,
 Canoeing down the Backs. Another shock—
 From Strange's man the intimation bitter,
 "They've drained the water off at Jesus Lock."

The Theatre—ah, thither will I hasten ;
 Perchance may Thalia consolation bring ;
 A poster stands my eagerness to chasten—
 A comic Jew in "Soldiers of the King."

So to my hermit cell I pass with sorrow,
 And—though connoting horrors of the Mays—
 I hail the advent of the glad to-morrow
 That shall bring term, and friends, and brighter days.



THE FIRST CAMBRIDGE MOTOR-'BUS.

O who will not go for a roar and a blow from the station
 and back to the square
 On one of the two apparitions in blue that the Vac.
 has evolved for us there ;
 O who will not rush in the Saturday crush for the
 thrill of a trip on the top,
 Or quiver with pride—and the engine—inside at the
 snort and the start and the stop ?

Amazes the eyes the Gargantuan size, amazes the
 hooter the sense,
 As swoops on its way in despotic array the Triton of
 traffic immense :
 In sooth but a few will be left in the Cury at hearing
 the ominous roar,
 There *cannot* be place in that limited space for the
 monster and anything more.

O bring up your "brown" for a tour of the town, from
 nine in the morning till ten ;
 This way for a new and sensational view of Christ's
 and Emmanuel men !
 The rooms where they keep, how they smile in their
 sleep, the muffin for tea that they buy,
 The bridge that they play and the rent that they pay—
 you can gaze at it all from on high.

But a Stygian gloom will assuredly loom on the brow
 of the lover of peace,
 That still a new noise is to shatter the joys that for ever
 and ever decrease ;
 And loud is the wail of the bike and the trailer and trap
 as they scatter afar
 To left and to right in discomfited flight at the blast
 of the God in the Car.

THE END THEREOF.

Awake, O Muses ! Bid the fervent strain
 Of panegyric and of wild lament
 Burst forth anew, and sob the sad refrain,
 Or own your poets' fire unduly spent.
 What, yields it nought in poesy to us—
 The passing of the Cambridge Motor-'Bus ?

Shall not their lyres in throbbing accents still
 The monsters' exit piercingly bewail,
 Now that the stentor shouts of "Markit-'Ill ?"
 Invoke no more the voyager by rail ;
 Nor crashing jar and impotent breakdown
 By turns distract and irritate the town ?

Behold the triumph of the aged Tram,
 The Old and Peaceful living down the New !—
 Emblem of life itself beside the Cam,
 According to the average "*Placet*" view ;
 Akin to Greek, to Latin, and to Paley,
 It stays, and stops, and crawls its courses daily. (1)

Is there not e'en an epic theme for you ?
 Calliope herself could scarce ask more—
 The combat of the Yellow with the Blue,
 The bang, the clash, the clatter, and the roar ;
 The toilsome grindings, tentative and late,
 To Chesterton and cryptic "Rock Estate."

Rouse ye, and "somewhat loudly sweep the string,"
 As Milton did for Lycidas of old ;
 Chanting your dirges of the loathly Thing,
 Nor leave its deeds and decadence untold.
 In rapt expectance of a masterpiece,
 And humble anonymity, I cease.

A COMPOSITE BÆDEKER.

The ordinary Guide-Book, being the work of a single writer, suffers from a certain monotony of style. Would not a combination of literary efforts produce a more varied effect ? We offer the suggestion gratis to enterprising publishers, and may perhaps hope eventually to see a Guide to Cambridge executed somewhat as follows :—

I.—THE TOWN.

(*In the manner of Bart Kennedy*).

Cambridge !

We are here at the station. How noble is this station. How long is this platform. This one, long platform. Where the trains squeeze past each other.

(1) Alas, the situation is now once again reversed !

Up trains and down trains. All together. It is the longest platform in England. This long, asphalted platform. Here in Cambridge.

* * * * *

How grand are these arches outside. These bold, sweeping arches. Norman arches. These fine, beautiful arches. Arches at the station.

In the road are tram-lines. There are two tram-lines. Each is parallel to the other. Therefore they never meet. What a thought is this! They never, never meet. These tram-lines in the road.

There is no tram upon them. The tram has gone. It has vanished from this flat, wide road. Strong men have wept for this tram. This calm, peaceful tram. Women and children have sought for it in vain. It has gone, and the tram-lines are left desolate. Here on the wide road.

* * * * *

This is the river. It is called the Cam. Men call it thus because it cam, and never got back. An undergraduate told me this. A grave, studious undergraduate. Grave with the gravity of extreme youth. Musing by the Cam.

II.—THE BACKS.

(In the manner of Swinburne).

Silvered sheen in the shaded green, with slowing slide
to the sighing sea,
Drifting far from the things that are to the soul of the
things that ought to be ;
Here the note of the gliding boat, the plangent paddle
and plashing oar,
Onward creeping in languor'd sleep, and whisp'ring
softly to sedge and shore.

Golden dawn o'er the gleaming lawn ; the birds sing out
in the silence cold ;
Purpling light in the eastern night, as Phœbus rides
in his car of gold ;

Lambent flame where the Greek god came, the wings
 of dawn at his shoulders fair,
 Dream-like flow of effulgent glow, suffusing heaven
 and earth and air.

Hoary pile of the olden style that still recks nothing
 of storm and time,
 Guarding store of cryptic lore beyond the limits of age
 and clime,
 Floating weed and waving reed, and mullioned window
 and buttress strong—
 (The sense is weak, if the Bard may speak ; but the
sound's the thing in a Swinburne song).

III.—THE COLLEGES.

(In the manner of Meredith).

A famed portal this ; eighth Harry centralised, stout
 if stunted, and trappinged with fictive gold annually,
 as scions' tribute to progenitor in primal stone. Beneath
 lurks your Cerberus, modernly not tricephalous ; drowsily
 emergent to give head-affirmative or negative to query,
 and evoking a felicitous tourist-whisper, " He has a
 tall hat ! "

* * * * *

Hard by, a similarity, with antelopes and red-brick,
 rushes to the perceptive faculty. Here, a vista of
 courts and cobblestones, with over-stream adjunct and
 Jove's bird as warden.

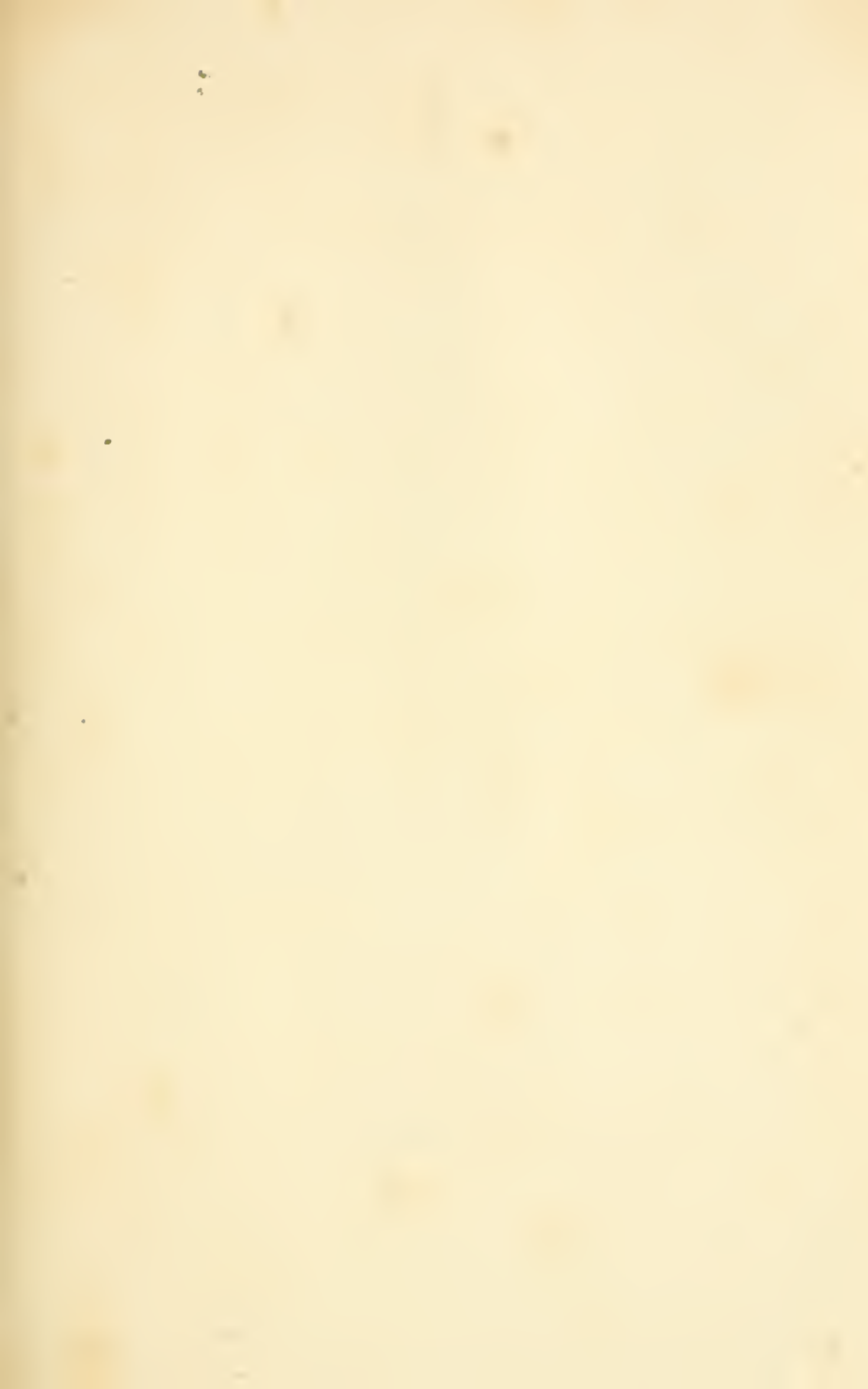
* * * * *

How can we manage to print on the crow-scalp of
 the outsider, by watchmaker's eye eruptive of the
 infinitesimal, or under broad Alpine survey, conception
 of this pinnacled fane (abhorred exteriorally though
 by one Slade Professor of note) ? The penetrator,
 skirting, with head agape to gobble-up the venerable,

sacred Fellows' turf to left, meets quivering immensity on entrance, with such glories of blue-glass and French *fourmillement*, as are not dreamed of in the very clarity of the drug-sleep. Wherefrom, the lively dialoguer, one for witty bouts, argues the noted majesty of these *alumni*.

* * * * *

Another pile here, isolated in oneness ; that blazons Chanticleer as totem—once with the Attic tag, ἐγὼ εἶμι ἀλέκτωρ. Approach is by this alley, high-walled, constricted to chimneyness. Within, Dædalian cloistered walks and buildings, whose denizens, not anchoresses now, are in a bubble about oarage.



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